Babysitting Gone Wrong Part 9 (FINAL)

In the basement den of Maggie's house, Rachel stood with her back against a pole. She had been dressed in a beautiful, short-sleeved wedding dress by Maggie's friends, her wrists tied behind her against the pole with a long strand of white cloth, and she stood tall in a pair of white heels with her ankles having been restrained as well, preventing her from moving her legs. The dress fit Rachel perfectly. Although it had been made for Chloe's sister, the wedding dress accented every one of Rachel's feminine charms. The dress was slim and fit her tightly, hugging her waist and accenting her figure. Her breasts were tightly tucked into the low-cut torso, and the short sleeves put the entire length of her arms on full display. Her wrists were held together by the cloth material that the girls had used to bind her with, and she wiggled her wrists to test the knot, only to find that it was still as tight as when the young girls had left her. She couldn't speak or cry out due to the wad of cloth the girls had stuffed into her mouth, and it had been secured with another strand of cloth that had been pulled between her teeth and tied behind her head, sealing the cloth in her mouth and effectively gagging her. And lastly, she adorned a petite, pink collar around her neck as a symbol of Maggie's possession of her. Tied to the pole in a wedding dress, she could only moan and groan in frustration as she stood in the basement as Maggie's captive bride.

As Rachel stood tied to the pole, she felt the long, slender veil tied in her hair as it flowed down behind her back, a symbol of grace and beauty that all brides wore. She shook her head back and forth in an attempt to knock it loose out of her hair so she could at least be spared the humiliating feeling of being forced to wear it, but it remained secure, tied to her hair just behind her head. In her attempt to shake the veil off, Rachel's grip nearly loosened, which would have caused her bouquet of flowers to slip from her hands and fall onto the floor. She had almost forgotten it was there, but she was quickly reminded by her memory as she recalled Maggie's stern warning from earlier.

"Hold on to these, and don't drop them!" Maggie had instructed. "They better still be in your hands when I come back."

Rachel turned her head and caught a glimpse of the brightly colored flowers out of the corner of her eye. She tightened her grip on them and held onto them for dear life. When Maggie returned to collect her, Rachel knew that the young girl would need to see them still in her hands or else there would be hell to pay.

The young girl contemplated her position and wondered how it had gone this far. From a kidnapped babysitter game to a bound and gagged bride...Maggie's delusion knew no bounds. What was worse, Maggie had brought her friends into her madness, so now the big secret was shared by others. Rachel had no doubt that Maggie's little psycho friends would be telling everyone at their school about how they tied her up and forced her to become Maggie's make-believe wife, and surely one of the kids they'd tell the story to would have an older brother or sister that knew her. There would be no way Rachel could keep all this secret now...sooner or later, someone she knew would find out about all this.

While thinking about the imminent humiliation that would come once someone in her life discovered how she had been routinely bound and gagged by Maggie, Rachel accidentally let slip the bouquet of flowers from her fingers. The flowers fell from her hands onto the floor, and Rachel snapped out of her imagination.

"MPH?!" she quipped into her gag.

The flowers! she thought to herself in fear. *I'm dead! Maggie's going to kill me!*

Rachel panicked as she heard Maggie and her friends upstairs giggling and talking in the living room. Sooner or later they would come back down to retrieve her, and when they did, they would find the bouquet of flowers on the ground. A bridal bouquet was symbolic, and Rachel understood that Maggie had viewed the flowers as Rachel's promise to her when she begrudgingly said "I do" at the altar. If Maggie saw them callously tossed onto the floor, she'd be furious. Rachel frantically tried to bend down and retrieve them, but having her hands tied behind the pole and her ankles bound made the task extremely difficult. Fortunately for her, her ankles were not tied to the pole, so she was able to push her legs out in front of her and slowly slide down the pole using her back. As she neared the floor, she felt the flowers with her finger tips. Rachel breathed a sigh of relief as she gripped the bouquet in her restrained hands, and then she began the difficult task of standing back upright. She brought her bound ankles inward and used all the strength in her legs to hoist her body up, and she balanced herself by pressing her back against the pole. With a bit of difficulty, she was able to rise again and stand tall, clutching the flowers in her hands as she had done before.

Crisis averted, she thought.

Rachel stood tied to the pole for a long time before Maggie and her friends came downstairs again. The three girls had changed out of their little dresses and back into their blue jeans and t-shirts.

"Cutie!" exclaimed Maggie. "Your wife is back! Did you miss me?"

Rachel saw Maggie, Chloe, and Mya appear at the foot of the stairs, and she moaned in displeasure as the young girls approached. Maggie took a seat on the couch against the far side of the wall, while Chloe and Mya walked over to Rachel. Mya took the flowers out of Rachel's hands and tossed them across the room to Maggie who caught them skillfully, then set them aside. Chloe began untying Rachel's wrists while Mya put her hands on Rachel's waists, ready to wrestle her down if the older girl tried resisting them. Knowing she was outmatched against Mya and Chloe, and especially if Maggie ran over to join forces with them, Rachel offered no resistance as her wrists were finally freed from their restraints, only to be tied again behind her back once they were freed from the pole. Rachel held her wrists crossed behind her as young Chloe tied them again, making sure to tie the cloth tightly around the older girl's wrists while hiding the knot out of reach of Rachel's fingers. Rachel felt disgusted as yet another young girl tied her up, and she wondered how many of these little devils would put her in bondage before she could finally free herself by escaping back to her university and away from Maggie.

When Rachel had been freed from the pole, Maggie called out to her friends from the couch.

"Bring my new bride over here for a kiss!" she exclaimed.

"MPH?!" squeaked Rachel into her gag as she felt Chloe and Mya's arms wrap around hers.

Mya and Chloe flanked Rachel on either side and held onto her arms tightly, then began to pull her forward. Rachel's ankles were still bound, and she couldn't walk, and there was something very undesirable about being dragged over to Maggie by her little henchmen for the purposes of a forced kiss. Looking as beautiful as ever in the wedding dress, Rachel didn't want to be brought over to Maggie and presented to her like a captive doll. She planted her heels into the carpet and resisted the two young teens as they tried to move her.

"NMPH!" cried Rachel as she shook her head.

"Cutie," warned Maggie. "If you don't come over here, you'll have to kiss Mya and Chloe, too."

"MPH?!" pipped Rachel.

Would Maggie really let her friends kiss her?

Maggie's words easily caught the attention of her two friends.

"Really?!" exclaimed Mya.

"We'd get to kiss Rachel?!" added Chloe.

"If she doesn't behave..." said Maggie.

Rachel glanced left and right to exchange looks with the two young girls that held her by her arms. Both girls had a fiery lust in their eyes combined with intense curiosity. Kissing Maggie was bad enough, and Rachel definitely didn't want to be passed around the room and kissed by everyone. Reluctantly, she decided that submission was her best course of action. She bowed her head and sighed, accepting her fate.

"Bring me my wife!" exclaimed Maggie as she clapped her hands together.

Chloe and Mya each took a step forward while holding Rachel's arms, and the older girl had no choice but to lightly hop beside them as they helped her balance herself. The two young girls looked disappointed that Rachel had submitted to Maggie, depriving them of the chance to kiss her as well. As the three girls neared the couch, Maggie stood up and climbed onto it, standing tall above Rachel. The young girl looked down at her captive bride as her friends continued holding her by the arms. Maggie placed her finger under Rachel's chin and raised her head high, then she lowered her face towards Rachel's.

"Kiss me!" Maggie demanded.

Rachel widened her eyes, expecting Maggie to kiss her. She was confused that Maggie would demand she be the one to kiss her instead. Maggie closed her eyes and waited for Rachel's lips, and the older girl made sure to deliver them to her young "wife." Rachel briefly stood on her toes so she could reach Maggie, and she closed her eyes as she stretched her neck out. Rachel's lips were still parted by the cleave gag when they met Maggie's, and the young girl only had a moment of the kiss before Rachel lowered herself.

Maggie opened her eyes.

"Again," she said.

The young girl closed her eyes as Rachel performed a second kiss, standing up tall on her toes and stretching her neck to reach Maggie's lips. Chloe and Mya had never let go of her arms, and they each looked on in envy as Maggie received two kisses from the beautiful older girl.

Rachel lowered herself again as Maggie opened her eyes.

Mya couldn't contain herself anymore as she gripped Rachel's arm tightly.

"Oh please, Maggie!" she exclaimed. "Please let me kiss Rachel, too!"

"MPH?!" cried Rachel as she snapped her head to face Mya.

"Me, too!" cried Chloe. "If Mya gets to kiss her, I want to, too!"

The two young girls grew excited as they imagined themselves kissing a girl so much older than them, and Rachel looked up at Maggie with pleading eyes. The helpless girl gently shook her head from side to side, as if begging Maggie not to do this to her.

“Okay!” said Maggie. “You can each have one kiss, but just one!”

“Yay!” exclaimed Mya and Chloe together.

Rachel bowed her head and sighed.

“nnnnppphhhmmmm...” she moaned into the cleave gag.

“Spin her around!” barked Maggie.

Chloe and Mya turned Rachel around so that her back was facing Maggie, and the young girl stood on the couch high above her. Maggie bent her knees and put her arms through Rachel’s, then pulled up on them. Rachel’s head was forced forward as her arms were pulled up behind her, and Maggie crossed her arms through Rachel’s and pressed forward against her back. Rachel was locked in place.

“Okay, form a line!” exclaimed Maggie gleefully.

Mya and Chloe jumped in front of Rachel, Mya taking the lead.

“Okay, then!” said Maggie. “Kiss her!”

Mya stepped forward and looked up at Rachel’s beautiful face. The young girl stood on her toes and closed her eyes, then puckered her lips. She slowly pressed them against Rachel’s, and the older girl moaned in displeasure at having been kissed by yet another infatuated teenager. Mya kept her lips pressed into Rachel’s as the older girl closed her eyes in disgust and embarrassment.

“Hey, stop hogging her!” exclaimed Chloe as she stood behind Mya with her arms crossed. “It’s my turn!”

Mya pulled away from Rachel and stepped to the side.

“Calm down,” she said. “It’s not like she’s going anywhere.”

Mya stepped aside to make way for the young blonde girl who put her hands behind her back and blushed as she approached Rachel. Chloe bit her upper lip and looked at the floor before raising her head. Her eyes met Rachel’s, and then she closed her eyes and stood on her toes as Mya had done. Rachel could tell that Chloe was a very inexperienced kisser. The young girl attempted to kiss Rachel’s bottom lip, and while her top lip found its mark, Chloe’s bottom lip was mostly on Rachel’s chin. To adjust her kiss would be admission that she didn’t really know what she was doing, so Chloe kept her lips in place. The young girl’s eyes were closed, but Rachel’s were open, and the captive older girl could see Chloe blush with embarrassment as Mya snickered. Rachel pitied the poor, young girl, so she closed her eyes and sealed her top lip against Chloe’s, overcoming the cleave gag that stood between the two pairs of lips.

With Rachel’s eyes now closed and both of her lips fully encasing Chloe’s petite upper lip, the young girl’s eyes popped open in surprise.

“Whoah...” said Mya softly.

Chloe couldn’t believe it.

Rachel… thought Chloe. *She’s...she’s kissing me back!*

Mya looked up at Maggie as Chloe broke the kiss and took a step back, while Rachel opened her eyes and noticed Mya’s concerned expression. With her arms bound tightly behind her and still held by Maggie, Rachel could only wonder what sort of disciplinary action awaited her for being too passionate with Chloe’s kiss. Then again, it was Maggie that orchestrated it, so it was essentially her fault if things didn’t go as she imagined they would. Rachel inwardly smiled knowing that she found a neat little way to take a shot at Maggie.

How do you like that, you little bitch? Rachel thought to herself.

Maggie suddenly shifted gears and ceased being her usual, playful self.

“Well guys,” she said as she released Rachel and hopped down from the couch. “That was all good fun. Thanks for coming over!”

“But...” said Mya.

Maggie looked at Chloe.

“Thanks for the wedding, really,” she continued. “But Rachel and I have lots to do today.”

Chloe didn’t protest as she understood that Maggie was basically telling them both to leave.

Mya and Chloe began walking upstairs as Maggie knelt down in front of Rachel. The young girl untied her ankles before standing back up, then she grabbed the older girl’s arm.

Maggie pulled Rachel along beside her towards the stairs, and the two girls followed Chloe and Mya to the living room. Maggie’s friends were putting their shoes on when she emerged with Rachel, and she then directed Rachel to go sit on an armchair in the corner. Rachel obediently made her way to the chair and sat down, keeping her back straight as she sat on the edge of the seat. She once again tugged at her wrists to see if the cloth bindings had loosened any, but they hadn’t yet.

Rachel watched the trio of girls in the living room in awkward silence as Chloe and Mya excused themselves from the house. The two girls opened the front door and bid farewell to Maggie and Rachel.

“So,” said Mya. “I guess we’ll text you?”

“Yeah,” said Maggie. “Sounds good.”

Chloe didn’t say anything, but Mya looked past Maggie to see Rachel sitting elegantly in the chair with her hands tied behind her.

“Bye, Rachel!” exclaimed Mya. “It’s been fun!”

Maggie closed the door behind her friends and watched as they left, walking down the sidewalk in the neighborhood towards the bus stop. When they had disappeared from view, Maggie turned back to face Rachel.

“Not cool, cutie,” she said in a firm tone. “Not cool.”

“mph?” moaned Rachel into her gag.

“Don’t play dumb,” said Maggie. “You know what you did.”

Maggie walked over to Rachel as the older girl shriveled back against the chair.

“You’re supposed to be my happily ever after!” exclaimed Maggie. “How dare you kiss Chloe like that!”

In anger, the young girl raised her hand high above Rachel with her palm open. Rachel’s eyes grew wide with fright, and she shrunk back into the chair.

“NMPH!” she squealed as she closed her eyes tightly, preparing to be struck, but the blow never came.

Rachel cracked one eye open, followed by the other. Maggie had lowered her hand, and then the young girl turned to sit on the chair by Rachel. She forced her body into the chair, pressing herself against Rachel’s.

“I can’t stay mad at you, cutie,” said Maggie as she put her arm around Rachel’s waist. “You’re just too pretty for that...”

Maggie squeezed Rachel from the side as she planted a soft kiss on the older girl’s cheek, causing Rachel to shy away. Maggie then stood from the chair and looked down at her captive babysitter, bound and gagged in a gorgeous wedding dress.

“Guess what, cutie?” teased Maggie.

“mph?” replied Rachel.

“Later on, we’ll get to have our wedding night!” exclaimed the young girl. “And you know what that means!”

Rachel perked up at attention.

“MPH?!” she pipped. “Wddmph nphm?!”

She tried protesting through her cleave gag, but it kept her words muffled. She frantically tugged and pulled at the cloth around her wrists, but it held firm, keeping her hands bound behind her back. She shook her head repeatedly, and the wedding veil flowed along with her hair.

“NMPH NMPH NMPH!” she yelled through the cleave gag as she shook her head back and forth.

Of all the lines Maggie had crossed so far, none of them would compare to the plans she had just revealed.

“Oh yes!” exclaimed Maggie. “Surely you didn’t think I’d marry you only to skip out on our wedding night!”

Little tears formed in Rachel’s eyes as she pleaded with Maggie.

“PLHPH!!!” the helpless girl begged. “PLHPH NPHM!”

Rachel pulled at her wrists and tried curling her fingers up to reach the cloth binding, but she was utterly helpless. Her hands were completely useless to her restrained behind her back, and Maggie’s friends had tied her up just as well as Maggie could have. Finally, Rachel gave it one last desperate try. She pulled her wrists apart with all of her might, but the cloth simply wouldn’t give way. The strand of cloth around her wrists held firm and the knot stayed tight well out of reach of Rachel’s slender fingers. Rachel exhausted herself in her last-ditch effort, and her arms and shoulders slouched as her strength failed her. She let out a defeated grunt as beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

“hmph...” she sighed as her body gave up on her.

She sat there on the couch bound and gagged in the wedding dress as Maggie stared down at her.

“You’re so cute when you struggle,” said Maggie.

As Maggie smiled down at her captive bride, her phone rang in her pocket.

“Oh?” said Maggie as she pulled it out. “I bet that’s Chloe begging me to go easy on you!”

Maggie looked at the screen and accepted the call, but it wasn’t from Chloe.

“Hi, mom!” she exclaimed.

“MMMPPPPHHHH!!!!” Rachel screamed towards the phone, begging for rescue.

Maggie quickly tucked the phone against her chest and shoved her hand across Rachel’s lips. She pushed Rachel’s head into the back of the chair and held her there. She then sat across Rachel’s lap to keep her pinned before putting the phone to her ear again.

“What’s up?” she asked into her phone.

Rachel tried to scream again but having both a wad of cloth in her mouth and Maggie’s hands over her lips prevented any sound from coming out.

“What?!” exclaimed Maggie. “But that’s not… I thought...”

Rachel wondered what Maggie heard on the other end of the phone.

“I thought you weren’t coming home until next week!” exclaimed Maggie.

Maggie paused to listen to her mother, and eventually she concluded her conversation.

“Okay, fine!” Maggie said angrily. “See you in a bit.”

Maggie hung up the phone and pulled herself off of Rachel’s lap, removing her hand from the older girl’s mouth.

“My parents are coming back today.” said Maggie with an obvious tone of displeasure. “It’s not fair! We were supposed to have the whole week together!”

Rachel breathed deeply and couldn’t believe her luck. She would be saved from Maggie’s heinous plans after all. The young infatuated girl looked down at her.

“I guess we could have our wedding night right now,” she said.

“NMPH!!!” screamed Rachel. “NMPH HMPH!”

Rachel shook her head back and forth.

“I know,” said Maggie. “It wouldn’t be the same, you’re right.”

Rachel sat still as Maggie continued staring down at her.

“A wedding night is supposed to be a special moment for the bride. It wouldn’t be the same if we broke tradition and just did it now. I don’t want to rob you of your special moment,” said Maggie.

“hmph?” muttered Rachel.

“I know you, cutie,” continued Maggie. “I know you’d want it done right. I’m not going to take that away from you...”

Maggie caressed the side of Rachel’s face with the back of her hand.

“mph hmph,” said Rachel as she nodded her head in affirmation, realizing she had found her way out.

The poor girl nodded her head continuously as Maggie stroked her cheek.

“mph hmph, mph hmph,” Rachel agreed.

“Okay, cutie,” said Maggie. “We’ll just have to schedule it for another time when we can have another night, just the two of us.”

Rachel breathed an internal sigh of relief, and she looked up at Maggie’s piercing green eyes.

“mmmmpppphhhh….” she purred, hoping to say whatever it took to convince Maggie that her protests originated not from her wanting to avoid a wedding night altogether, but from a concern that the wedding night should be conducted properly.

Maggie was deluded enough to buy Rachel’s act, and Rachel doubled down on her bluff.

“Later we can text each other and work out a time,” said Maggie. “And then I’ll make you mine for real.”

Rachel nodded her head.

“mph hmph,” she agreed.

“We can have our wedding night next weekend maybe, or the one after.

“mph hmph,” said Rachel through her cleave gag as she looked up at Maggie.

“Okay, cutie,” said Maggie. “That sounds like a plan!”

Maggie pulled away from Rachel and looked around the room.

“Well, I guess we better get ready for my parents to come home!” she exclaimed.

Maggie walked back over to Rachel and motioned for her to face away from her. Rachel obeyed and held her wrists out so Maggie could untie them, and the young girl effortlessly unfastened the knot left behind by Chloe. All it took to set Rachel free was one little tug from Maggie on the knot in the cloth, and the whole thing came undone. No amount of Rachel’s tugging or pulling could have done that, and the knot had been out of her reach the whole time. The older girl was flustered at how little effort it took for Maggie to release her from captivity, while no amount of her own effort could have achieved the same result. When she was tied up, she was truly helpless.

With her wrists finally free, Rachel was able to remove the gag from her mouth and spit out the cloth that had kept her silent all this time.

“Go get into some normal clothes, okay?” said Maggie. “And help me clean up the house so we don’t get in trouble.”

Rachel collected all of her belongings in her suitcase and walked towards the guest room where she had been forcibly made to wear the wedding dress by Chloe and Mya, and she closed the door behind her once she had entered. Just to be safe, she locked the door to ensure Maggie couldn’t come in. She saw her blue pajama shorts and crop-top strewn on the floor, and she remembered how Maggie’s little friends had stripped her down earlier that morning.

After she had gathered all of her things together, Rachel put her suitcase on the bed and pulled out a navy blue skirt and white blouse top with half-sleeves. Eagerly undressing herself from the wedding dress and stockings, Rachel put on her bra and panties, then dressed herself in the new outfit. She completed her look with a narrow black belt around the waist of the skirt, and she put some flat-bottom slide-on shoes on her feet. Rachel tossed the wedding dress aside without caring about what happened to it, and she figured that it could be Maggie’s problem to worry about. Rachel then took the veil out of her hair, balled it up in her fists, then tossed it on top of the dress. Lastly, she unfastened the pink collar from her neck and put it in the drawer of the nightstand beside the bed, finally freeing herself of it.

Rachel spent the next hour avoiding Maggie as best she could, but Maggie would always catch a glimpse at her and blow her a playful kiss or run up to smack her bottom before running away, giggling. The young girl also never missed an opportunity to call Rachel “wifey,” as she scurried around the house getting things in order. Rachel kept her suitcase by the front door so she could bail as soon as Maggie’s parents returned, and she was so happy that they were coming home early. She didn’t care what reason they had for cutting their trip short, she was just thankful it was happening

Maggie’s parents didn’t return home as soon as Rachel expected them to, and it was mid-evening before they finally walked through the door. Rachel was sitting on the couch waiting for them, and when they walked in, she jumped from the couch and walked over to greet them.

“Hi, Rachel,” said Maggie’s mother. “We had to come back a few days early but we’ll still pay you for the week.”

Rachel was hasty to leave.

“Yep, yep,” she said. “Sounds good. How was the trip? Good? Cool.”

Rachel reached for her suitcase but was stopped by Maggie’s father.

“Why the hurry?” he asked. “We only just got here. Why don’t you join us for dinner?”

“No thanks,” declined Rachel. “I’d rather just get going.”

“Oh come on, Rachel,” said Maggie’s mother. “Be our guest, please.”

Maggie had appeared on the stairs after she heard her parents come in, and she chimed in to beg Rachel to stay a bit longer.

“Pleeease, Rachel,” the young girl pleaded. “Please stay for dinner.”

Rachel turned to look at Maggie on the stairs as the young girl stared at her through the support rail bars. The young girl gripped two of the wooden rods and held them tightly while sticking her face in between two others that were more centered, and she pleaded with Rachel like she were a prisoner on the other side of a jail cell.

“Pleeeease...” she repeated.

Rachel gave her an angry glare and turned back towards the door, but Maggie’s mother stopped her. The older woman took Rachel’s suitcase and moved it away from the door.

“We won’t take no for an answer,” she insisted. “Join us for dinner.”

Maggie’s mother had the same brown hair and green eyes that her daughter had, and her insistence on Rachel doing something she didn’t want to was very reminiscent of Maggie’s behavior. The apple didn’t fall far from the tree.

Rachel watched Maggie’s mother move her suitcase from the door to the interior of the living room while her husband brought in their large suitcases from their trip. He took them back into the master bedroom and simply placed them near the doorway, then came back to the living room that was conjoined to the kitchen.

“We left enough food for a week but were only gone a few days,” he said. “I’m sure we can find something in here to whip up.”

Maggie’s mother joined him in the kitchen as the two began preparing a casserole, and Rachel sat awkwardly in the living room on the couch. Maggie came frolicking down the stairs and sat on the arm chair across from Rachel, giving her winks and kissy faces. Rachel ignored the young girl as best she could, making sure not to give Maggie any sort of indication that her gestures were well-received.

After about half an hour, Maggie’s parents had prepared dinner, and they had set the dining room table for four.

“It’s ready,” said Maggie’s mother. “Girls, come to the dining room.”

Rachel rolled her eyes and sighed as she got up from the couch, while Maggie hopped from the chair and scurried past her. In the dining room, Maggie’s parents each occupied the head and foot of the table, so Maggie and Rachel took seats along the sides. There was a cloth table cover that draped down from the table, and in the center sat the casserole dish that Maggie’s parents had prepared. Maggie’s father served all four of them, and the group ate dinner while Maggie asked questions about their trip.

As Maggie’s parents talked, Rachel ate silently for the most part, occasionally adding a word or two just to achieve the minimum expected participation. She took a sip of water from the glass that had

been placed beside her plate, and she nearly spat the water out when she felt a little foot slide under her skirt and push directly against crotch. She began choking on the water and coughing, prompting Maggie's mother to ask her if she was alright.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Maggie's father chimed in.

"Did you drink the water down the wrong pipe?"

Maggie pulled her foot back and winked at Rachel who stared at her in disgust.

"I'm fine," Rachel declared as she caught her breath.

Rachel crossed her legs to shield herself from any future attempt by Maggie to invade her intimacy with her foot, and a few moments later, she felt Maggie's foot against her leg trying to find a way through. Rachel tightened her legs to prevent Maggie's foot from finding its mark, prompting the young girl to try harder. Maggie tried poking her foot through Rachel's legs in one place, only to be cut off, and then she'd dart her foot around to the other side to try there, only once again to be stopped by Rachel shifting her legs. All the while, Maggie's parents were engaging each other and the girls in conversation about their trip, completely unaware of what transpired beneath the table and right under their very nose.

Maggie and Rachel weren't very attentive to the conversation, but they each tried to make the appearance of being focused on dinner. Maggie would dig into her food while Rachel would sip at her water, meanwhile their legs and feet were swatting away at each other, Rachel trying to deflect and Maggie trying to penetrate her babysitter's defenses. Maggie finally realized that she wasn't getting through, so she brought her foot down and stared directly at Rachel. The young girl gently placed her fork on the plate, and then softly put her hands together in front of her. Rachel saw her hands together, and then Maggie slowly opened them while she mouthed the word "open" to Rachel across from her. The helpless babysitter could tell by Maggie's expression that it wasn't a request, and she realized she was hopelessly defeated. Maggie still had blackmail material against her, and she could always use it. Defeated, Rachel uncrossed her legs and spread her feet out, allowing Maggie plenty of space to guide her foot to Rachel's skirt.

The young girl smiled and stretched her foot out, using her toes to lift Rachel's navy blue skirt and slide her foot underneath. She gently pressed her foot against Rachel's crotch and winked at Rachel, letting her babysitter know that she was still her wife, and the expectation that they should share a wedding night had never dissipated.

Suddenly, Maggie's father flipped up the table cover.

"What?!" he exclaimed at the sight of his young daughter's foot under Rachel's skirt.

He had noticed the cloth move along the sides of the table, and he had grown suspicious of Maggie and Rachel's behavior. Maggie's mother spat out her food all across her plate when she saw her daughter's leg disappearing into Rachel's skirt.

Rachel jumped to her feet, sending her chair flying backwards. She pointed straight at Maggie and screamed.

"Your daughter's a bitch!" she yelled. "She's been blackmailing me! She made me do all kinds of weird things while you're gone. Just check her damn phone!"

Maggie's face went pale as Rachel held nothing back, spewing hatred and contempt in her direction, spilling the beans all across the table in front of her parents.

"She tied me up!" continued Maggie. "She brought her friends over and they watched! Your daughter is sick! Screw this!"

Rachel ran away from the table and got her suitcase before bolting out the front door, leaving Maggie sitting awkwardly at the table with her parents who were stunned from shock. Rachel ran down the street and didn't stop until she made it back to her house, and she collected herself before going inside.

"Mom, I'm home!" she yelled.

"Back so soon?" asked Rachel's mother.

"Yeah, Maggie's parents came back early," replied Rachel. "I'm going upstairs."

Rachel went up to her room and dropped her suitcase on the floor, then she fell face first across her bed. She didn't know whether to assume that the nightmare was over or whether it was just getting started. Her phone rang as she was lost in thought, and she picked it up to hear Maggie's mother on the other side.

"Rachel," said Maggie's mother. "We see now how difficult Maggie has made things for you. We had no idea, please believe us. We'll pay you double, no triple, for babysitting for us. I promise this was all a misunderstanding, and it won't happen again."

Rachel didn't reply, but she noted the tone in Maggie's mother's voice was one of contrition. Aside from that, it seemed that he was trying to outright buy Rachel off and pay her for her suffering. Perhaps he was trying to protect his daughter and beg Rachel not to call the police.

"It's whatever," said Rachel. "I don't care about the money. I just want to be left alone."

"I see," said Maggie's mother. "You don't have to worry about anything, anymore. I'll deal with Maggie."

"I'm going to get a restraining order," said Rachel.

"No, please don't do that!" exclaimed Maggie's mother. "We can take care of Maggie. I promise she won't bother you ever again. You'll never have to be alone with her from this moment on, I promise."

"Okay, whatever," said Rachel. "Just leave me alone, please."

"I understand," said Maggie's mother. "Thanks, I'm sorry. I really am. I'm so, so sorry."

Rachel hung up the phone and sighed a breath of relief. So it was true, the nightmare was finally over. Maggie's parents were probably over there right now unloading the punishment of a lifetime, and they were probably forcing her to delete every shred of evidence that she had ever kidnapped Rachel and held her against her will. Better yet, Maggie would never again have the opportunity to coerce Rachel into doing anything like that ever again. It was over.

About an hour later, Rachel's phone buzzed to signal that she had received a text message. It was Maggie, and her message was a simple one-liner.

“Sorry, cutie,” Maggie had written.

Rachel deleted the message along with the entire chain of texts between them, and then she promptly blocked Maggie’s number. She’d never again let that young girl contact her directly. From that moment on, Rachel’s goal would be to avoid Maggie at all costs.

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Several weeks later, Rachel was back at her university for the Fall semester. It felt good to be far away from Maggie, and it felt even better to be able to have and maintain a social life without having to worry about a dominating young teen manipulating and threatening her around every corner. Rachel was finally free… free to forget and move on.

One evening after her final class and concluded for the day, Rachel settled into her one-bedroom apartment and put on a movie. She put on some sweatpants and a t-shirt, then settled into the couch to relax. She quickly lost interest in the movie and began scrolling through her phone, but something tugged at her curiosity. She didn’t know why, but she suddenly felt the urge to check up on Maggie, not to contact her, but to at least she what the young girl had been up to over the last few months. Rachel searched for Maggie on her social media, and even though the two weren’t friends since Rachel had deleted her, she could still see all of Maggie’s content due to the young girl’s loose privacy settings. Rachel scrolled to the bottom until she reached content that was about eight weeks old, which dated back to the night she had finally set herself free from Maggie’s clutches.

Scrolling up, Rachel reviewed Maggie’s posts over the last few weeks. It was the usual teen girl stuff, boy bands, reality TV, social opinions, etc. Every so often, there would be a picture of Mya and Chloe along with Maggie, but more frequently there would just be a photo of just Maggie with Chloe, with Mya not making an appearance. Something peculiar caught Rachel’s eyes, and she zoomed in on a picture of a selfie Maggie had taken with Chloe in the background. Chloe’s bubbly facial expression that Rachel had remembered seemed to be replaced by an awkward, bland expression, and Rachel noticed something else…

Perhaps everyone but her would overlook the small detail. Only through her personal experiences could Rachel notice and understand what she saw on Chloe’s wrists. In the picture of Chloe and Maggie, Chloe’s wrists bore light markings that went all the way around, and these were no markings caused by bracelets. She had been tied up at some point before the photo was taken, and it became clear to Rachel that Maggie had now enslaved Chloe in her place.

Rachel closed the social media app and opened her phone contacts and began scrolling towards Maggie’s father. Just when she was about to call him and report Maggie’s disgusting behavior, she remembered how Chloe had treated her. Chloe had been just as guilty as Maggie during her time over there, and she restrained Rachel knowing full well what Maggie wanted to do to her. Chloe had helped strip her of her clothes as well as being the one to supply the wedding dress that she had been forced to wear, and not only that, she had been the one to officiate the “wedding.”

Realizing the sort of torment Maggie could dish out, Rachel closed her phone and laughed, perfectly content to bury the secret she had just discovered. After all, Chloe deserved it, right?